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THE IDEA OF GOD—THE GENIUS OF CIVILIZATION.

MAN has ever felt the necessity of the existence of a Superior Power. One great first cause must rule the earth and man—dull, dead matter and immortal souls. His conviction of this is coeval with his creation, and coëxtensive with the spread of the human family and everywhere and at every period, of his history has proven beneficial to him in his social and individual capacity. His gradual civilization was but the gradual enlargement and elevation of his Idea of God. The conception of Deity and a desire to develop his powers, stand in the relation of cause and effect. The one springs directly from and is regulated by the other. The higher and more sublime conception, man has of the Great Supreme—the more pure and enlightened will he be. It is essential for him to feel his dependence on a higher Power, to know a great archetype, before he can be animated by a desire, to improve his condition, to supply the wants of society. In all the nations that have existed, during all the gradations of their civilization, the *idea of God* has been the index of the development of their powers. It must precede it. It may have been degraded, it may have been "earth, earthy," but it went before their improvement. Their Civilization such as it was, succeeded their idolatrous idea of God, as the morning follows the night. It is impossible for man to expand his magnificent mind, without a consciousness of a supreme Being. Without it he would be mentally and morally cold and dead. Take from the mind free and noble, as

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it is, this thought, and you render it powerless, you dwarf a giant, you strike dead a living and vigorous and active thing.

Blot out the great thought of God from the breast of the ancients, evil though it was, and you efface all the rich and glorious Poetry, all the speculative Science and theoretical Philosophy, of the antique world, you tear the laurel from the brows of Pindar and Aeschylus and Sophocles, you silence the voice of Cicero and Demosthenes and Pericles, you take Plato from the groves of the Academy, and hurl to the dust the "*monument*" of the Old Roman Poet. Without even their irreligious idea of God the civilization of the ancients would have been converted into barbarism. It is strange to watch the developement of the powers of man in his social state, and see how all things beneficial to him therein, owe their origin to the thought in his mind of God. To it, even when affected by his sinful nature, he was indebted for all attempts to purify, to raise himself from the dust in which he grovelled. As soon as he dreamed of a Superior Power, so soon he doffed his contentment in savageism. As soon as he knew an overruling Providence, so soon he improved his condition. When the first oracle arose it was but the visible, embodied thought of God in man—a sign of the civilization that was to come. Time went on—one generation sat at the feet of another and learned the lessons of wisdom. Plato was taught by Socrates. The old man spoke to the young child and poured into his mind the rich and varied gems of knowledge that were within his own. Man increased in civilization and with this progression, or rather before, came a purer and holier idea of a Great First Cause. The free and flashing streams of intellect, flowing in various ways, in every department of science and art—all gushed from that deep source in the heart of man, his idea of God. True his civilization was imperfect and impure, splendid in theory, and destitute of real utility, like one of those statues which it produced bright and sunny, and beautiful and radiant, but wanting life and vigour, but his perception of God was also low and puerile, imbued with none of that devotion which burned in the martyrs' breast, touched with none of that living fire which glows in the Christian's soul.

While the unaided mind was wandering over the world, like Theseus in the labyrinth, to find a clue to the true God, while some faint gleams of the light to come fell upon it, the sacred and startling revelation of God was made.

Twelve poor men of Judea arose, and looking by the omniscient power of inspired minds far down the long line of centuries, pointed the human race to its true path, declared to the immortal soul its grand destiny. Gifted then with the true idea of God, man's desire for civilization slowly arose, beautiful and bright, from his troubled mind, like the Queen of love from the bosom of the rolling sea. It was obscured by the mists of his evil soul—corrupted and weighed down by his former thought of God—but when his reason and the holy Apostles spake, he listened and learned. Over the world since wherever civilization has penetrated, true and high, and expansive and noble, it has had for its basis the Christian religion. Wherever it has walked the earth in peace and loveliness, wherever it has caused man to think, to act and to refine himself, it has been baptized by the blood of Calvary. *That* has thrown a sacred halo around that mortal creation—civilization. Awake but a thought of a supernatural and awful power in man, and that alone renders him better. Show to him *His* true revelation, plant but the *true* idea of God in man, and lo there springs up, towering in its glorious vigour and rich in its golden fruitage, the great tree of enlightened civilization. The sole civilization that is felt among the masses, universal, pervading the body politic, as the blood does the physical man, is founded on the *true* of God. That is he hallowed corner stone of the grand temple—the germ of the budding good—the first flash of the eternal sunlight of the soul, that pierces and suffuses all things. Although the idolatry of the ancients was destructive in many instances of the noblest, purest, and holiest feelings of the heart; yet it led them to endeavor to be wiser and better, according to their unaided conceptions of purity and wisdom. They may have bowed before gods, bloody, cruel, and treacherous, but in even that idol-worship there was evinced humility and dependence, and a reference of the goods of life, to a superior Being. Even in their thoughts of those deities

toward which the old prophet pointed his scornful finger, there was something to make them better, or at least eventually to civilize them. There was something to redeem even their mythology. Partial civilization was the resultant. A bright rainbow of thought came after the dark cloud of their conceptions of God. All the results and consequents or rather the constituents of the true civilization now existing in Anglo-Saxon strength, vivifying and teaching man his responsibility to himself, to society and to God, are derived from the *true* idea of God. Without *that* although he becomes in some cases vigorous and refined in thought and in action—although his mind may, relying confidently upon its own tremendous powers, do much to advance the happiness of himself and the world—yet he seeks not the true field, he wants the last touch of the Great Master's hand. The philosophy of Bacon and Newton—the profound statesmanship and living oratory of Pitt and Burke and Fox—the wisdom and tenderness of Goethe—the genius of Dante, glittering from the dark and mysterious and mournful man like a star, a single, solitary star from a midnight sky—the grand mind of Shakspeare,—the strange metaphysical, preternatural intellect of Coleridge, which blended in itself the mystic tints of the German's cloud-land, with the loveliness of earth—were all cherished to their glorious fruition by the *true* thought of God in the early apostles—the *twelve poor men* of Judea. The Bible is the true Magna Charta of humanity. The Apostles, not the Barons of Runnymede, are the true captains of the marching army of civilization. There was embodied in the ten commandments which were delivered on Sinai, all the *true* genius and knowledge, and science, and philosophy, all the better thoughts which make their home in the open brow and daring front of man, of the vast eternity that was to come.

THE MARTYR OF THE SOUTH.

[The following lines were suggested by the perusal of a "Legend of the Revolution," by George Lippard. Isaac Hayne was hanged in Charleston, S. C., by Rawdon, as a deserter.]

A dread awe in the city reigns, each face is stamped with gloom,
And men and women lowly bow in anguish at his doom.
Breathe not aloud—'tis a solemn scene—a funeral train sweeps by,
There is gloom to day in Charleston, the martyred Hayne's to die.

He's to swing upon the gallows tree—he's to breathe his last in shame,
No wreath upon his brow will be, no honour to his name;
"His fate shall be a warning, this rebellion must be crushed,
These rebels taught submission—each whisper must be hushed."

Thus spake the English tyrant, who a great lord had been made,
And changed from Grey to Rawdon by the King's own accalade;
Thus spake the butcher tyrant, while in his eye there stood
A dark, a mad desire for murder and for blood.

There is gloom to-day in Charleston, where all was joy so late,
For the truest patriot is to die of the brave Palmetto state;
His children bow their knees in vain—no pity do they find—
The murderer looks in silent scorn, oh shame upon mankind!

Oh who can tell the anguish, the more than human strife,
That filled each fair child's bosom as it begged its father's life;
Oh! who can tell the sorrows of that sister as she stands
And prays him, spare her brother, with tears and clasped hands.

But the monster stands unmoved—has no pity for their woe—
And their young and fair haired brother says—"Come sisters, let us go,"
We will plead to him no longer—we will leave his hated sight,—
Come sisters, do not tarry—Our father dies to-night.

Upon the gallows tree he stands—no fear is in his eye,
But he meets death like a hero, as the brave alone can die,
And as in death he struggles, other forms are there,
Than those of mortal heritage, the noble and the fair.

For angels bear his soul above, beyond the realms of mind,
Beyond the fame of worldly things—the friendship of mankind,
And there he dwells in glory, free from every earthly stain,
And breathes a life immortal, exempt from every pain.

There is gloom to day in Charleston, the martyred Hayne is dead,
There is sadness for the noble soul that to its God is fled,
But his blood cries loud for vengeance, his country hears its call,
And a thousand armed warriors rise to 'venge the martyr's fall.

Look to yourself Lord Rawdon, rear now the gallows tree,
For Sumpter too, and Marion lead the battles of the free,
Look to yourself thou butcher, the eagle leaves his nest,
And on the field of Yorktown thou'lt see his shining crest.

Press on thou noble heroes—fight now for your fatherland,
Fight till the British lion lies low bleeding in the sand;
Bear on the flag of freedom—let each man's bright sword be red,
Press on thou band of heroes, till each craven foe is fled.

There is joy to-day in Charleston, the battle's fought and won,
The English curs are driven back, like clouds before the sun,
The eagle screams in triumph, tis heard o'er hill and plain,
We are free—immortal spirit—thou'rt avenged immortal Hayne.

REVOLUTIONS AND REBELLIONS.

CHANGEABLE and ever changing are all things around us. The beauty of the sun-set is but of short duration and then melts away into the darker shades of evening. Change is written in indelible colors on the fleecy cloud which gaily floats over the azure sky—on the verdant foliage of Spring—on the gaudy flowers of the summer month—on the ripening fruits and the dying leaves of Autumn—and the wind as it blows through the unprotected and outstretched limbs of the trees, chanting with its mournful minstrelsy, the requiem of the dying year, sings alas too clearly the notes of change. It has been the ruling principle of everything since the omnipotent hand ordered this beautiful earth from night and chaos; from that time when he called light from darkness, and created man out of dust. But in man this spirit must arise from the wish of a better condition. This is the wish of the suicide, haunted by the devils and demons which his depraved imagination have created, or driven to desperation by the piteous groans or hideous countenance of his victim—that groan which he heard or that imploring countenance of which he caught a glimpse, as he sent the murderous knife on its hellish mission. Yes it is a feeling that hell with all its terrors is preferable to such a state of existence that would cause the suicide to launch his unprepared soul into an awful eternity. And so it is in the political and social world. It is this sense of amelioration that is the main-spring of all rebellions, or the grand incentive in every revolution.

“’Tis better to rule in hell, than serve in heaven,”

was the feeling that instigated that rebellion in which Satan and his hosts essayed to thrust the omnipotent God from his high and holy seat in heaven; and down through the long and varied numbers of rebellions, and revolutions, out-breaks and seditions which have taken place to the present day the wish of amelioration has been the main-spring of them all. And in these times of great commotion, while the great European continent is tossed and shattered on the angry waves of contention—while France is endeavoring again her twice tried experiment, and Italy, the wild seat of the first republic is striving to vegetate on the ruins of the “eternal city”—while every throne is threatened, or at least attacked, except proud England, standing firm, a solid rock, amid the storm regardless alike of the lashing of the tempestuous sea and of the crashing of the contending elements around her. Why, in this state of things—why, on looking back into the deeds of the past, or surmising on the events of the future, is it that some of the attacks upon governments by their own subjects are called revolutions—why other rebellions? Can the distinction lie in the fact that a rebellion is against a lawful authority? that the people are striving against a rightful liege or a legitimate king? All the revolutions of the present day, and the struggle of our own happy land against a king the lawful representative of the throne of England—the 19th of February which saw France revolutionized—when Paris saw her streets barricaded and her people in arms against the king of the people, testify of themselves that even revolutions may be against a proper and lawful king. But perchance it may be that there are in revolutions some skillful general who can direct and check the different and difficult manoeuvres of armies—some wary politician who can trace the thread of Ariadne through the labyrinthine windings of political affairs—may have some patient and experienced leader who can slowly but surely unravel the gordian knot into which different opinions and feelings of the people have tied themselves. But still Rienzi “the last of the Roman Tribunes,” who passed his life over the mouldy tomes of his country’s authors, awakening in his own bosom the pride and ardour of a Roman freeman, that he might more completely kindle in the breasts of the people the

sense that they were Romans—was no skillful general and though he felt the blood and bravery of the Cæsars coursing through his veins, still without any knowledge or experience of the tactics of warfare. Yet he led a successful revolution. And that man who but till now has not been appreciated, whose memory has been cursed, but still who died with but one stain on his bright and effulgent escutcheon—who rose from the ranks without any knowledge of the affairs of state, without any experience in the plots and machinations of political men, and who became the general of a never-conquered army, the successful leader of a successful revolution and the king and ruler of an enlightened people. Still even now none of his most ardent admirers ever added the title of politician to the hard-earned honors of Oliver Cromwell. And although “the prudent man may direct a state yet it is the enthusiast who either makes or destroys it.” The leader of any revolt of the people must be a passionate that he may be a successful man. He must be some Mirabeau thundering on in his impetuous course like the avalanche—he must be an enthusiast now half frenzied with fear, now in success rushing as the whirlwind, he must be a Rienzi in thought a Danton in action. He must lash the people to fury and incite them to revenge. No, no calm and cool man ever headed a revolution. Revolutions have not always had for their leader the experienced general, the wary politician, and never has the prime mover been a cautious man.

Perhaps the cruelty which may predominate in an outbreak against government is the characteristic of a rebellion. No, for although in them, the blood of the mass and the blood of the noble may have run streams, still the gory chronicle on which ever mindful time has written the events of the revolution of 1789, the acts of Robespierre, the dead bodies and gory heads which the guillotine piled in the charnel house of Paris, testify that cruelty has existed in revolutions. Now although some revolutions may have been directed against a lawful king and a noble liege, that some revolution have been characterized with as much pity and magnanimity as possible, that the leader of another may have been a skillful general or a cunning politician, still these are not the essential distinctions between revolutions and rebellions. No, all

struggles whether against lawful or usurped authority, all revolts whether led by a Washington or a Wat Tyler, all seditions whether conducted by a Robespierre or a Cromwell, are rendered revolutionary by *success* or rebellious by *defeat*. Yes, if we look along the mournful and bloody overthrows and attacks against authority, we will find that a revolt, the thread of whose destiny the dire fates have wove of sable hue, and whose duration, however long, has at last reached an unsuccessful end, is always termed a rebellion. The feelings and fears of the mass are generally enlisted on the side of the conqueror; and we find that from that rebellion when Jupiter repulsed the Titans with his strength, and withered them with his thunderbolt, to the late feeble flickering of the spirit of liberty which sparkled in the bosom of the Irish peasantry, and caused the land of Emmet once more to hear the shout of the would-be-free, down through them all we find that the only distinction from which they have derived their name has been their ultimate defeat. While on the other hand from that time when the thunders of eloquence were heard from the lips of Demosthenes to the revolutions of modern days, when the burning words of Patrick Henry, and the suasions of Lamartine have woke the people to defend their rights, have been rendered revolutionary by their success. But why this success? It is a feeling of right and duty in the breasts of the people as in the feelings of a man, that urges him to push every point, to endeavor every expedient, to use every measure to recover the rights which he believes may have been usurped or filched from his unsuspecting or powerless grasp. Yes, it was a feeling of duty that made a general of Putnam, that will made the most ignorant countryman the compeer of Richelieu. And in future ages, when if it is so decreed, the convulsed and turbulent nations of Europe shall have given equal laws and equal privileges to the people and the nobles, when England has thrown off her aristocratic form of government, and when ignorant Asia, and benighted Africa shall have put on the robe of this western world, then if ever that time come let the historian write of a rebellion, not rebellious by defeat or point to a revolution, not revolutionary by success. And then let the

poet sitting upon the lonely ruins of thrones crumbled and in the dust, sing of any overthrow of government when the people have not been instigated by a feeling of right and duty. The present cannot, 'tis the part of the future.

P. T. G.

PHILOSOPHY; ITS PROGRESS AND BENEFITS.

Philosophy, a science on which the human race depends for its *happiness*—its *social existence*—has ever been that great branch of knowledge whose varied resources, man from time immemorial has attempted to develope and lay open for the information and improvement of his fellow beings. It is the nucleus of every department of literature. It is the great vehicle on which human progress is born. And like the warm, congenial rays of the sun, bestows its invigorating and refreshing influence alike on every living creature. It served the ancients for a system of religion, and was the fertile field from which Plato, Aristotle and Socrates obtained their immortality. Planted at an inauspicious period, and cultivated by men ignorant of its value, it for a time continued in a stunted state, neither receding nor advancing. It withstood the shocks of ages, and was looked upon by the mass of mankind as merely theoretical. It whispered in the ears of Archemides, and told him that if he would be guided by her counsels, his name should be inscribed on the ever living monument of renown. The wants of man gave it birth, and the few hardy philanthropists who sacrificed a life of ease and luxury, to wander in her dense, untravelled forests, were amply repaid with a consciousness of their own superiority. But that which they gained in self-satisfaction and contentment, they lost in the estimation of men. Socrates, a man who stamped his immortal thoughts on the imagination of men, and breathed an ever living spirit on the glittering pages of tragedy; a man, whose colossal genius raising itself from the dark, stormy caverns of superstition, erased from his mind the gods of Greece, and sealed it with the belief of the everlasting durability of the soul, drank the hemlock for declaring its

immortality. And Columbus, a man whose grand conceptions and godlike aspirations created a flaming pillar to light up the dark and labyrinthical paths of ignorance; a man who wrote on the sandy strand of America a name which the rolling waves of time cannot wash away, a name which is indelibly inscribed on the heart of man, felt the clanking chains of Spain, and the poisonous sting of malignant envy. A practical philosopher was to the ancients what the land of departed spirits was to the Trojans—an object of mysterious horror. He was looked upon as a man unfavorable to human progress. His schemes were viewed by the unthinking as too gigantic and extravagant for a rational and well disposed being. Hence that long and obstinate persecution of noble men. Hence that sudden revolution, which overturned the old fabric of prejudice that had existed for ages, and which had defied the most praiseworthy efforts of progress loving sages. Hence the people in the 14th century received the utilitarian system with such eagerness and applause. Hence was seen springing up like the nereids of the sea, men with willing hearts and ready hands to reduce those once thought impracticable theories to a practical form. From the birth of Bacon may be dated the birth of utilitarian Philosophy. Notwithstanding the opposition of crafty demagogues and ignorant courtiers, notwithstanding the scandal of those who represented it to the people as a base design, concocted for the purpose of aggrandising a few, and depriving them of their accustomed stipend; he made Philosophy subservient to the use of man, and drew from it results which electrified the world. The people were sufficiently intelligent to perceive its beneficial results. They were no longer held in the shackles of ignorance and superstition. They were charmed with its utility. Hence that noble spirit of reformation and progress which has ever characterised the Teutonic race, suddenly burst forth, and like a star whose faintly glimmering rays penetrate the gloom of night, blazed forth in an unquenchable flame, and cast its lurid, welcome light in the dark regions of the human mind, where beastly passions had for ages revelled. Christianity did much to better man's existence, but the golden precepts of the Bible would have been among the things to transpire in the world

of the future had it not been for the timely aid of philosophy. Philosophy revealed to man the art of making paper and stamping it with human thoughts; christianity supplied those thoughts. Philosophy taught Moses to inscribe on his tablets the invaluable word of God; philosophy disseminated the mercies and blessings of God among men: christianity prepared man for those blessings and mercies. Philosophy and christianity are inseparable, being mutually dependant on each other. Without philosophy the bounties of the Omnipotent could not be distributed. Without christianity philosophy would degenerate into a degraded superstition. The one is a noble vessel, the other a godlike crew. It was philosophy which freed Europe from the grasping domination of Popery, and gave strength and vigour to the glorious spirit of the Reformation. A spirit which Bacon, Newton, and a few German Philosophers did as much to engender as the christian patriot Martin Luther. The former explained the work of nature and convinced the rabble that the heavenly bodies were not Gods, but the creations of an almighty divinity. While the latter expounded the scriptures and made known who that divinity was. The former were the machine which set in motion the great wheels of civilization and connected it with a band of faith to the axle of christianity. And the latter a leading spirit "whose thoughts borne like fumes of sacred incense o'er the clouds, was wafted thence on angel's wings," a priceless legacy to a grateful posterity.

J. T. W.

AN EPISTLE.

As we all, my dear Harry, in a fair world like this
 Must needs know what the feeling poetical is,
 So trusting your sympathy with what I shall write you,
 A rhyming Epistle I mean to indite you.
 Now do, *comme vous aimez*, *vos ami très chère*,
 Don't put on that horrible look of despair,
 And pucker your brow to show your aversion,
 As though you expected some metaphysic discussion.
 I know, as they say,
 'Tis my natural way
 With plentiful words and much oily sound,
 Of Nothing to cover abysses profound,

And yet I am sure you'll believe when I tell you
That whenever I set up a poetical vendue
I generally *think* I have somewhat to sell you.

But thoughts are slippery things,
And its hard to hold their wings—

So sometimes it happens, as you will surmise,
They play us the Proteus in spite of our eyes,
And the verses all filed, like coffins a-row,
The body a-missing, are stuck up for show,
Heaven knows, how I hate to see *sana mens*
Stain thought by transmission thro' the rhythmical lens,
And good common sense by experience sickled
Done up in fine rhyme and in metaphor pickled;
But **there** are some feelings, you know, that will rack us
For pedestrian paces entirely too fractious,
And nothing will serve but the canter of Pegasus,
Now I appeal to you, Harry, if ever a poet
To jingle his wits and say to him, "go it,"
And kindle him up to rhapsodies fervent,

Had such cause for afflatus
And airs from Parnassus

As I, No. 1, your obedient servant,
Videlicet—here's the Winter—as any old owl
Sits quizzing the East with a screech and a scowl,
But as soon as the dame of the morning steps in
Slips down from his perch and no longer is seen—

Quite hobbled away—while for his bald cowl
And dull glassy eyes and wrinkled old phiz,
(The looks of which give one the rheumatiz,)

And Hyperborean maw
Belching snow, flood and flaw,
And skeleton hands
Clutching the streams with ice-bands,
And other such foible
Most notable.

Here's mademoiselle Spring

A queen for a king;

Long ago when a baby picked up by Aquarius*

And with much catermauling
Brought up among "*Fishes*" in a style quite precarious—

To be sure, in due time, (to continue the fable)
The *Ram* used his horn like a very good ladle
And dipped out the *young 'un* from his watery cradle;
Yet still as you know in the Antediluvian adage
'Bout the "twig as 'tis bent," from such a misrearrange,
Unchristian, uncivilized, fishy and aqueous,
The Creature continued to be somewhat amphibious,
And so things proceeded 'till April in Cholic,

(For the fit was no frolic,)

Went off, as they say,

And in came May

With a merry heyday,

* Sign for February, "*Pisces*," for March, Aries, April.

Of mirth brimfull,
 Like Europa astride of the bull.*
 Videlicit, I said, and that means "to wit,"
 To wit—what should put me just now in a fit.
 Now this, you well know, 'bout the spring and so forth,
 And the shag-eared old ruffian chased back to the north,
 Is all good in its place
 To embellish and grace,
 But yet doesn't touch my own proper case,
 As all in like manner can share it,
 So what there may be
 Peculiar to me,
 To engender all this ranting and rhyme,
 I straight will unfold in the course of the chime.

Now where do you think
 I was sitting this eve
 When Sol took his leave?
 I sat at my window staring out at the west,
 Quite pensive and blue—for I felt none the best—
 And what saw I there?
 Why the day, sure, a dying
 In his red ashes lying.
 And that, I suppose set my fancies a flying.
 Huge elms on each side branched over the lattice,
 With such interleaving no sky could be seen,
 (What glorious roofs does nature give us gratis!)
 Save a star here and there that twinkled between.
 The winds they were low but awake;
 A sigh was above on the eaves
 Of leaves
 That mellifluous spake;
 A motion crept thro' the light tresses
 Of a drooping willow,
 As though a hand played 'neath the green meshes;
 To and fro with no audible moan
 Went the poplar's cone;
 While the life like aspin,
 Twinkled and twinkled and twinkled
 With a fairy din.
 And what could one do
 In this state of things?
 Trust body to fancy
 And launch out the window?
 O no! I took hat,
 And with pitty-pat-pat,
 In Adam-like fashion,
 Gave vent to my passion.

Thro' the hall, out the door, adown the lawn slope,
 By the dark boxen hedge, 'neath the lofty elm-cope,
 And so to the trill
 Of the whip-poor-will,

* Taurus, the sign of May.

To the bridge and the brook and the boske on the hill.

Is this the street,
With its print of feet,
The dusty street?
No, this is the meadow,
Flowers are here and the first shed dew,
I cannot see, but I wis
Forget-me-not's kiss
My feet as I pass,
And hare-bells couch in the spiry grass,
I could know, though I shut my eye,
On the sky,
And the darkening tints of the lea,
By the solemn *tune* of things,
And a placid feeling in me,
That the day had folded its wings—
That evening was passing to night,
Too subtly for sight,

Like the glossy shades on the ringdove's neck.
The sounds of life severe,
Of lusty life,
Scattered and faint as those that come
After the battle 's done,
From a field of strife,
Are music here.

The town, the farmer's *gates* and the like,
And the 'tinkling bells,'* on the broad turnpike.

Day done,
Night begun,
The gentle moon,
Prolongs the mighty work of the sun,
As an echo prolongs a tune.

O bliss
In joys like this!
A whispery wisp in the air
Says—follow, follow!
Here and there
Everywhere—

Follow, follow!
Alone in the dome of the sky
With the moon and the stars
In their glittering cars—
O words are leaden!
As arrows, the best of the quiver,
Presuming to span
Some broad-breasted river,
Sink midway—
So are they.

* "Tinkling bells," what are called "Pennsylvania wagons," huge things with six horses, move slowly, with bells on the horses. They are trading wagons from a distance.

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 Like Europa astride of the bull.*
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 To wit—what should put me just now in a fit.
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 Is all good in its place
 To embellish and grace,
 But yet doesn't touch my own proper case,
 As all in like manner can share it,
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 That mellifluous spake;
 A motion crept thro' the light tresses
 Of a drooping willow,
 As though a hand played 'neath the green meshes;
 To and fro with no audible moan
 Went the poplar's cone;
 While the life like aspin,
 Twinkled and twinkled and twinkled
 With a fairy din.
 And what could one do
 In this state of things?
 Trust body to fancy
 And launch out the window?
 O no! I took hat,
 And with pitty-pat-pat,
 In Adam-like fashion,
 Gave vent to my passion.

Thro' the hall, out the door, adown the lawn slope,
 By the dark boxen hedge, 'neath the lofty elm-cope,
 And so to the trill
 Of the whip-poor-will,

* Taurus, the sign of May.

To the bridge and the brook and the boske on the hill.

Is this the street,
With its print of feet,
The dusty street?
No, this is the meadow,
Flowers are here and the first shed dew,
I cannot see, but I wis
Forget-me-not's kiss
My feet as I pass,
And hare-bells couch in the spiry grass,
I could know, though I shut my eye,
On the sky,
And the darkening tints of the lea,
By the solemn *tune* of things,
And a placid feeling in me,
That the day had folded its wings—
That evening was passing to night,
Too subtly for sight,

Like the glossy shades on the ringdove's neck.
The sounds of life severe,
Of lusty life,
Scattered and faint as those that come
After the battle 's done,
From a field of strife,
Are music here.

The town, the farmer's gates and the like,
And the 'tinkling bells,'* on the broad turnpike.

Day done,
Night begun,
The gentle moon,
Prolongs the mighty work of the sun,
As an echo prolongs a tune.

O bliss
In joys like this!
A whispery wisp in the air
Says—follow, follow!
Here and there
Everywhere—

Follow, follow!
Alone in the dome of the sky
With the moon and the stars
In their glittering cars—
O words are leaden!
As arrows, the best of the quiver,
Presuming to span
Some broad-breasted river,
Sink midway—
So are they.

* "Tinkling bells," what are called "Pennsylvania wagons," huge things with six horses, move slowly, with bells on the horses. They are trading wagons from a distance.

Before me—lo !
 Like a necklace around the skirt of the meadow
 Glides the stream
 With its gleam ;
 Beyond, the woodlands lie,
 And the tall pines sigh,
 That climb up the hill side into the blue sky,
 The moanings I hear
 Recall to my ear
 The plainings sad of that mystic wood drear,
 In Dante's gulph of fear.*
 And now I stand on the bridge ;
 (A queer old bridge,)
 Old and dingy as ever was seen,
 Its oaken props are mossy green,
 Green as the meadow's emerald sheen ;
 Wonder is the water don't rot 'em.
 For underneath the inky bottom,
 Its black as Hades.
 And willow and water-birch fling,
 Over the old thing
 Woful shades.
 † Yet I love the old spot and I love the old frame,
 Much better than if it were new,
 And to harm it, I think, would be a great shame,
 Don't you ?
 Strange too
 Old bridges are not the only old things
 We love so.
 I love it, and therefore I haunt it,
 A goodly ghost to see,
 And many a moment I loiter,
 Gazing down into the dark water
 With the trees gazing down upon me.
 About such places 'tis general
 Some awful tale to tell,
 Some Bateman† story, weird and fell,
 Of lover false—and, (Heaven forefend !)
 Full of hobgoblins from beginning to end ;
 And, in truth, 'tis extremely plain,
 That the drollish things which in such places blend,
 Do nolens volens, whether or no,
 Write legends in one's brain,
 But my muse is already
 By indulgence too heady,
 So I must fain
 To pull in the rein,
 And bid you, dear Hally, good bye.

* Allusion to a tale in Kirk White.

† Dante, a famous Italian poet, who described in a poem a journey through *hell*, as he conceived it. In one compartment of hell, souls were imprisoned in the trunks of trees, and the forest gave an incessant moan.

RETROSPECTION.

The chapter read, what wise man pauses not
 To ponder o'er its contents? The pilgrim,
 Propped on the welcome way-rest, turns his eye
 To scan the ground gone o'er. The ploughboy thus
 Beside the share, and bargeman on his oar
 Trace back their furrowed paths. And many a glance
 Of retrospection long, and earnestly,
 The student casts behind him as he toils
 With calm eye eager up the castled steep.
 O say, thou Man of wisdom, why dost pause
 Thus in thy banquet? Sweets untasted wait thee.
 "To treasure up the lesson I have read
 That I may profit more by those to come."
 And O ye, Toil-embrowned, is your task sweet
 That ye gleat o'er it thus? "Thencefrom we draw
 Hope and encouragement to go forward,"
 I asked the student—and he pointed me,
 Exultant back along the devious paths,
 All rent by steeps and many a hideous gorge
 And rushing stream and braided forest gloom,
 And now gay—winding thro' fair meadow—strips—
 "See'st thou"?—cried he—"Such also is the future,
 And thus I garner up experience,
 And learn my strength in difficulties vanquished,
 And gird my heart with hope and manly trust
 To battle in the future"—

And methinks
 'Tis fit that in this earnest life of ours,
 This book of toils and wars and perilous sieges,
 There should be chapters, pauses, resting—stops,
 When we may stay our steps and calm, reflective,
 Ponder our strength from trial in the Past,
 Repair our waste and burnish up anew
 From its arsenal stores.

EVIL—A FRAGMENT.

A cruel Power holds empire on the earth;
 The Past is his dark annal, and each hour
 Stamped with the changeful image of the present
 So time shifts by, is adding page by page
 To that most heavy chronicle of woe,
 O what a code of tyranny is there!
 What bondage like that whose yoke has bowed
 Humanity, e'er since the first keen thrill
 Of conscious being tined in her frame,
 And she awoke to speechless presages

Of golden destiny—six thousand years—
Bowed O how low! and in that lowliness marred
Until we little of the lineaments trace—
Of primal likeness. Toiling and suffering,
Like Samson grinding in his prison house
Covered with bitter scorn, sightless and shorn,
The brazen links feeding upon his flesh—
Even so, alas, hath she been in the Past,
Evil has shared no shaft of his full quiver,
No torture or imaginable pang
To probe and rend her mighty heart withal
Making the heaven familiar with her groans
Thro' the dark watch of ages.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THINKERS.

The Responsibility of Man is an ascertained truth. It is obligatory on all, and in proportion to their ability. But there are some, gifted with peculiar powers—Therefore they have a peculiar responsibility. Of this class are they who think.

Thinkers are endowed by their Creator with a power, the influence of which is limited only by infinity and whose battle field is the world of mind. This power is thought, and for a true and full expression of their thoughts, they are responsible. They are the subjects of a spirit whose promptings should be to them, an eternal law of action. Often ignorant as to the purpose for which their minds are enlightened, or a thought imparted from the *Divine mind*, it behooves them to speak, without fear or trembling.

The image was but the instrument through which immortals declared the fate of mortals—so the mind of the thinker is the means, through which the God communicates what He would that man should know. The prophets of old were inspired thinkers.

They spoke the thoughts suggested by the Spirit, and in the words of the Spirit. Their responsibility was great, and heavy would have been their punishment, if after becoming the recipients of the Divine idea, they had for any cause refused it a true and full expression. These thinkers of a high order, needed no

helps to interpret between them and the Divine Spirit. The true thinkers of these latter days, is likewise bound by every consideration of duty, to express to the world the idea travelling in his mind. It belongs not to him to consider consequences. They are Gods. It is his to speak the truth revealed. If like Tennyson's "youth sublime," dipping into the future he beholds

"the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be"

—if new ideas of land and labor throb in his brain, and social tyrannies press heavy on his heart,—if through the mists of forms and creeds he discerns a religion of the spirit—let him speak it, write it, so that man may learn, in the boldest, freshest words that deep conviction and strong sincerity can suggest. Let it come from lips touched with coals from the altar of truth. He is bound to speak by a law, as inflexible in its decrees, as the destiny which led *Ædipus* to his fate. Let him express it now, else on the morrow some stranger shall utter his thought, and receive the honor lost by his procrastination. Let him not fear, if others fear, let them remove from the way of the ever progressing idea.

For if he be true to himself, he will be true to his God and none shall make him afraid.

He who embezzles the material goods of his employer, is condemned by the laws of Society to a felon's doom. And is there no law against the embezzlement of the Spiritual goods of Him, who is the great Employer of all? Let Baalam's ass answer that thinker, who fearing to speak the thoughts of his mind, becomes a traitor to his God and his fellow man.

The miser, who by hoarding his gold, deprives Society of the benefits if its circulation, is despised of man. Much more should he be despised who retains for his own gratification, those thoughts which are due to others. It was not to feast his eyes on the inner glory," nor to render him better than his bretheren, that he was admitted within the veil, before the mystic cloud, the *Shekinah* of truth.

The voice once heard from between the Cherubim—a woe is on him, if he declares not its purport to the people without. The apostle counted all things as gained, if he could but declare the

thoughts which agitated his mind, and right truly, did he speak them. No Felix's judgment seat, nor prison's cell, nor Athenian crowd could terrify the bold spirit of the apostle to the Gentiles. Lend thy mantle Paul, to some who minister at the altars, in these latter days! Thinker! to whose attuned ear the voices of the night speak, and the breezes of the morning whisper—thou hast a work on earth—

"Go speed the stars of thought
On to their shining goals!
The sower scatters broad his seed,
The wheat thou strew'at be souls."

The thinker is responsible for giving his thoughts a bold and full expression.

The relation of the soul to the Divine spirit, is such as to receive clearly and fully the imparted revelations. The impression of the *die* is not more distinct, than is the will of God, to his chosen instruments. Therefore their duty is to give a free and bold utterance to the divine idea. The Lawyer, maintaining a righteous cause, hesitates not to address the jury with commanding eloquence, and its very address carries with it the conviction that truth and justice are his. The manner of the thinker goes far to convince men of the truth and importance of what he utters. If faltering, he stammers out his thoughts, or conceals them in the rhetorical figures and unmeaning common places of a soft speaking, fashionable preacher, the world doubting his sincerity, will turn a deaf ear to his words.

The trumpet should have no uncertain sound.

He who by neglect or ignorance deprives his master of his rights, is accounted an unfaithful servant, and the law will convict him of a breach of trust. Likewise will he find, who with uncultivated powers and an undisciplined mind rashly aspires to be a thinker, that there is a law condemning him.

The parable of the "ten talents" speaks with peculiar force to him, whose ignorance renders him unworthy of his election, and whose neglect falsifies the vows of his ordination. With no common baptism is he baptised, when arrayed in the priestly robes of a thinker, he is received into the chosen order of those who are to declare the commands of the great Master above.

The Egyptian Neophyte, who sought an entrance into the sacred mysteries of Isis, was prepared by a long course of physical and mental training, to endure those trials and dangers which he must undergo before he could be admitted within the "adytum." So should the thinker, desiring to be a teacher among men, prepare himself for the work of his calling. His moral sensibilities should be purified from the sensual, that he may discern every messenger from the spirit world. His intellect should be educated, that he may decide whether the shadows which flit across his mind, be indeed the messengers of things real from above, or whether they are the servants of the evil spirit, assuming the garb of truth.

If he be unable to do this, he will either become the dupe of his own vain imaginations, or will fail to give a full and bold expression to the thoughts within. The thinker must learn to regard conformity with aversion, when non-conformity becomes a virtue. The former may give him bread, but it may also bind him in the worst slavery, a slavery of the mind. With the latter he may starve—but he will starve free. He may endure a martyr's fate, but he will receive a martyr's reward. All things are open to his study. No name of goodness hinders him from exploring whether it be goodness. He is a moral chemist, who applies the test of truth and analyzes all things. "Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. Then all things are at risk. There is not a piece of science, but its plank may be turned to-morrow; there is not any literary reputation, nor the so-called eternal names of fame, that may not be revised and condemned. He claps wings to the sides of all the solid old lumber of the world."

The thinker cannot be neutral—neither can he have truth and repose. Neutrality in life is the destroyer of manliness, and partakes strongly of the character of a no-party in politics, the most contemptible of all parties. Truth and repose are antagonists of each other—they cannot be blended in harmony. To obtain the one the thinker must forsake the other. Like Jacob he must wrestle with the spirit, and not let it go, till it blesses him with the benediction of truth.

The true thinker will prefer "truth to his past apprehensions of truth." To do this he must have an earnest faith united to a firm

self-reliance. With such a love must he regard truth, that the fear of no danger shall deter him from proclaiming its commands. Socrates taught, holding the cup of hemlock—Peter preached in the prisons of Rome, and in our day, the bones of many a missionary lie bleaching on the shore of some savage isle, a testimony that gave a full and bold expression to the divine idea.

If the thinker be true to himself he will create, as all great men have, his own circumstances. His path will be known by the thousands who follow it. "A man Cæsar is born, and for ages we have a Roman Empire. An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man, as monachism; of the hermit Antony, the Reformation of Luther, Quakerism of Fox, Methodism of Wesley, Abolitionism of Clarkson."

The thinker may satisfy others with a seeming performance of his duty, but unless he satisfies his own conscience, he will be condemned by a law, whose sentence no majority can avert—for whose punishment no applause can compensate. Before him stands

—"night and day
The imperishable presence serene—
One reflex from eternity on time,"—

Therefore let him know his duty and do it. To him are thought and utterance, and on him rests a responsibility whose sacred obligations he can only discharge, by an implicit obedience to that spirit, whose minister he is.

LITERARY FAME—TRUE GLORY.

The history of the past is full of interest to us, who are now, so rapidly advancing in power and wealth, as to justify the expectation, that soon the first place among nations will be granted us, without a murmur. It therefore becomes our special duty, to examine the paths, by which other nations advanced, and the errors by which they receded from their high position. The nation, of which most is known—whose history every school-boy can relate is Greece, yet *her* history, cannot be related too often nor her er-

rors be pointed out too frequently. Being the land of the statesman, and of the orator, we are inclined to be lenient in our judgment of her faults. The sweetness of her Homer, and the beauty of her Pindar, have justly filled the world with delight. The wisdom of her Plato, and the firmness of her Socrates, have presented examples from which all men might copy. Ambition, was the the rock on which *she* split. This passion, among nations as among private individuals when subservient to the dictates of reason and prudence—acts as a spur or incentive in urging them on to deeds of honor—of glory—of usefulness. But when it takes possession of the whole man, when reason is led a captive to its chariot, its influences are dreadful. Truth and honour can find, no resting-place, in the heart given up entirely to ambition. It hurries those of whom it has taken possession, on to deeds of rapine, and of selfishness, and, at last gives them over as a prey to darkness, despair and remorse. So it was with Greece—conquering all by whom she was opposed, she treated them with contempt—herself the centre of all civilization she refused a helping hand to those ignorant nations by which she was surrounded. Finding no outer enemies—ambitious of being first among themselves, each against the other was arrayed—*some* conquered, *all* fell. No more did the laurel-wreath bind the brow of the victor. The voice of Poetry and of Philosophy, no more found an echo in her deserted halls. The traveller stopped and surveyed with pity mingled with admiration, her crumbling walls, the remnants of her former glory. The honours, the glories, the trophies, and the victories, which were the pride of Greece while yet she flourished, have passed away. All the vestiges of her prowess in war, have gone, *still* her history is familiar even to the prattling babe—*still* her influence is felt her power acknowledged. It is owing to her literary character. Deprive her of this and she is nothing, let her retain it, and she still stands the first, the noblest in the annals of the world. Her victories may have been achieved, her strength may have been mighty, her power infinite, still only to the antiquarian would she have been known, had not literature been her pursuit—science her avocation. So also speak the states of Northern Italy. The triumphs of Florence, and

the victories of the Doge, have become almost forgotten. Time which tries all things, has thrown her mantle o'er their deeds, and shut them out from view. They have passed to the grave, which knows no resurrection, *even* almost from the pages of history yet still they live, although but a portion of their former selves—they still exercise an influence upon the world. The fame of an Angelo, yet o'ershadows them. The silent marble, formed by the sculptors hand still speaks in tones of sweet harmony, which is rather felt than heard. The deep solemn poetry of a Dante is still born upon the evening breeze, and e'en the air that surrounds those cities seems pregnant with poetic fire. O'er their verdant fields, our fancy yet can roam, though their glories have long since disappeared. The Zephyrs as they play among the vines, bring back to our recollection, Ariosto, and Tasso's harp still seems as if touched by a master hand. Such are the recollections by which they are surrounded. The pomp and pageantry of war has disappeared from their midst—only their more durable fame, the glory of their literature remains. The voices of their orators are hushed—the fame of their generals forgotten. The song of the gondalier, as he swiftly plies his oar, is unremembered, even by the generation that succeeds him. Ambition, was also the cause of *their* downfall. Endeavouring to subjugate others they were conquered themselves—and now the proudest monuments of their ancient glory—the productions of those artists, who have rendered themselves and their country immortal—adorn the Parisian capital—their fame alone lingers around their birth-place, and renders bright the land of their nativity. Ambition, then, is what we have most to fear. When nations begin to grow rapacious, and to desire the lands of others—when strength not right, is their criterion of justice, then comes their destruction. Having in their mad career, oppressed those who could not vie with them in strength—in turn, others stronger still will oppress them, more powerful, will crush them. This, the history of the world teaches us. Nation after nation has usurped the chief place, and then returned to its former insignificance, unless supported and sustained by the glory of its literature. The Anglo Saxon race is now predominant. In the older country, they stand the first in power, in

wealth, and in literary glory. Heretofore the darkest spot on our escutcheon was produced by our want of authors. Now things are changing. The writing of a Prescott, the poetry of a Longfellow, and the sweetness of an Irving are adorning the pages of our history. But should not the nation whose star spangled banner floats over every wave, possess a longer roll than this? The question is yet to be decided whether republican soil, is the better nourisher of literary excellence. May it be determined in the affirmative. May America, the land of the free, surpass her political, by her *literary* reputation. May her pyramid of literature be so erected, that when her fields are devastated, and her cities depopulated, the inhabitants of other lands may linger with fond affection on the pages of her history, so that the lingering rays of the last setting sun, may shine upon, and cast a halo around it.

LEGITIMACY OF CRITICISM.

That man was created a being equal in rights with his fellow-man is a principle that beats in unison with at least every American heart. The principle that a general diffusion of power either intellectual or physical tends to degrade man, and to depress all his actions, is erroneous and unphilosophical. As well might we say that constant free exercise would diminish, whilst fetters and the dampness of a dungeon would increase, his physical powers. The intellectual faculties require for their expansion to be unbound, that they may soar to a more ethereal, a diviner state; that it may approach nearer the great source whence all its energies spring. The past history of the world's literature proves this. If we look back through the dark vista of ages, we will find the brilliant fires of genius burning with a more dazzling brilliancy when tyrants and monarchies were confined in forgetfulness, and when a free spirit pervaded the minds of the people. If this be not the true case—if in some cases men of mighty powers have lived when kings in arrogance walked the earth—still the tremendous machinery of the mind was put in action by

some free-thinking and free-speaking agent who lived in ages that preceded. When literature sprung from amidst the dark ages, Minerva-like, in the famous city of Florence. When song, assuming a diviner form, aroused the feelings of mankind as it was echoed and re-echoed through the sunny vales. When poetry sent its stirring verses through the astounded crowds of Europe, as they with reverence gazed on the newly risen star. When Dante, in his godlike form, fanned into flame the embers of Italy's literature, (then fast passing from the memory of man), when he spake in "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," arousing the slumbering power of England and France. When Angelo imbued the marble with his grand imaginations, and made the canvass speak. When he showed the deep thoughts that his bosom swelled, and the affections of his heart springing up towards his God, in the erection of a fabric that since has become a wonder of the world. When Athens gave her laws to the world, and stood the fairest of the fair. When the praise of her philosophers rang with a trumpet's blast through the circle of the world. When imbued with a holy spirit, her inhabitants with face to the Acropolis turned, would almost worship the city of the East. Think you that in these times monarchy ran wild, think you that men then spoke and wrote to please those that sat high in authority? Or would you not rather suppose that a spirit of freedom burned in every bosom? That in every household the Goddess of liberty held supreme sway, and might have inscribed upon their altars "to the Known God." Then it was that the spirit of a Dante, Solon or Angelo rose a pillar of fire, to guide to a happy destiny their own beloved city. Then it was that their spirits burned as beacon lights for succeeding ages. And from these rising stars superstition and papacy might have calculated their horoscopes and predicted their ruin. This same spirit that would have condemned Addison to the guillotine, had he written in France, which in former times banished hosts of philosophers, has shaken from the crown of literature jewels that once gleamed with the brilliancy of the midday sun. This was the time when the people shook off the shackles of monarchy, and when headed by the master spirits of the age "element wrestled with element,

and man contended with man for some slight plank" by which he might save his sinking prospects. These are the ages and such are the men that shake the earth to its very centre and whose influence is felt in succeeding ages. As the effect of monarchical government was hurtful, and as the influence of men of power was injurious to former writers, so the powerful sway of modern, so styled, critics, is as blasting to our writers as "an untimely frost to the fairest flower of all the field." As office shackled in times past, so critics now, the monarchs of the literary world who rule with iron-sceptres, grind and break to pieces the mighty works of our scholars. We would not rail against the whole system of criticism, not even periodical criticism. Its good effects have been seen. This becomes another example of folly in man, abusing what might have been so beneficial. We would not object to criticism by men that have shown themselves capable of pieces worthy of being read. An author would prefer that his work be thus trimmed by such an experienced hand; for he, since the hatred of detraction marks a great man, would also show its beauties. But it is this class of men we complain of then, best known to all under the name of modern critics, who we may say also constitute our periodical critics. This class, though its influence at any one time be trivial, still in the course of time, as the continual dropping of water wears away the rock, undermine the fame of writers whose names they should have taken in their hearts with holy reverence, bowed down in sackcloth and ashes. These critics who would sift a work from its orthography to its figures, the boldness of which their limited minds are incapable of grasping. These men, bribed perhaps or prejudiced, would undertake to give views to a world on any work. With becoming arrogance would pronounce works that have been the admiration of the world, mere pleasing tales or nursery rhymes. Blair defines criticism to be the application of common sense to the works of art. Now examine the criticisms of our best periodicals, see if this principle is carried out; see if it is not rather the application of uncommon sense. If this principle was adhered to, our literature would soon become as correct and as exact as that of England. The criticisms of English literature are con-

ducted by England's statesmen, ours are under the mismanagement of every newspaper editor, assisted by some few able reviewers. Criticisms like these must confine the intellect, break the spirit, and clip the imagination of almost any writer. We do not deny that critical rules can be logically deduced in some kinds of writing. We admit that in poetry certain measures which are laid down can be, and are violated, to note this we conceive to be the duty of the critic. But we would strenuously oppose any set of men, we should oppose even the legitimacy of the right, who should combine themselves together and pronounce the writings of Milton as being immoral, or who should denominate the plays of Shakspeare an incongruous heap of expressions. The critic cannot appreciate the mighty thought of Milton, as he describes the character of Satan and the punishment of the fallen angels. And shall he criticise it? As well might a Patagonian undertake to show the beauties of the Iliad. Those that would support the right of this plan of criticism tell us that a great genius will compose unconsciously according to the rules of criticism. Therefore they would remove Shakspeare from the list of distinguished writers. That mighty spirit, that like a swollen torrent breaks through the impeding rocks, and leaves as monuments of its carelessness the one piled on the other mountain high. High above the highest he still soars, and higher yet will rise until Fame shall be called before the judgment-seat of God to give an account of its stewardship here below. He belongs not to this age, he belongs to an age far remote, when God seemed to walk on earth and to speak with the children of men. When men like these fall under the wrath of this pigmy race, dark indeed must be the course of the young writer, when having launched his frail bark in this untried sea, suddenly he finds the wind rising and the dark clouds of adversity come over him, no wonder his heart should fail when far off in the distance he can scarcely trace the land of Fame, on whose shores the breakers of criticism are running so high. Yet hard he struggles and manfully he breasts the waves until finally overcome, with curses on his enemies, he sinks beneath the waves of popular favour to rise no more. Per-

haps the heart of many a Milton has failed in this trying moment, and the critic has deprived the world of those whose works would have been ornaments to her literature, until destroyed in the conflagration of the world itself.

THE PRESERVATION OF TRUTH.

Among the lessons of encouragement which the world's experience impresses upon us, is the certainty of the ultimate influence of truth upon the mind of men. This influence is often *slowly* reached. For though error is never satisfying, and the human mind with more or less eagerness, is ever grasping after truth, yet a *general* appreciation and submission to its claims, is prevented by the pride of intellect—or the calculations of a fancied interest, or that indifference—so painful yet so common—to all that seems not of present and tangible importance. Yet however powerful may be these opposing forces—however strong the pride—weighty the interests or wide-spread the indifference which impedes its progress, the records of the past contain many instances in which truth has obtained a general influence upon the minds of men, notwithstanding the most determined opposition or the most profound sluggishness.

We may find a partial exemplification of these remarks in the history of some truths of a physical character. The readiness and clearness with which such may in general be demonstrated, will not however allow of a long continuance of opposition. Thus when Galileo declared that the world was in motion, a prison was assigned him for his study. One man told another of the philosopher's foolish fancy. They laughed a moment together, and each passed on to his toil. But the revolution of the earth continued, and pope and people revolve with it but a few more years, when the fact is established which *had* excited but hasty anathemas and careless scorn. We notice the fact first mentioned more especially of most of those great intellectual and moral principles

which have been presented to the minds of men. However opposed they may be, however long they may *seem* to lie inoperative, forgotten among men, yet history fully assures us that "all that is true is imperishable," and in the end will triumph.

We cite but one example—"He that will be great, let him serve," exclaimed the divine teacher to the wondering Jews. They, expecting a Messiah who should lead them to the overthrow of their Roman masters, treated with contempt an announcement, which mortified national as well as individual pride. Years roll on. Glory is sought in the governments of empires, for many Richards arise, to whom "earth affords no joy save to command." It is sought in the council-chamber, and upon the battle-field—by the productions of poetic power, or by the achievements of artistic skill. For successive ages the means of attaining *true* greatness *seemed* forgotten—*was* neglected. But after centuries of blind attachment to the *false*, men appear at last to be awaking to the appreciation of *true* glory. The blood-stained laurels of the military hero, who follows but the lead of a selfish ambition, begins to be esteemed of trifling value in comparison with that rich meed of enduring fame which is attached to an enlarged philanthropy.

That truth, first proclaimed among the valleys of Judea begins to be repeated from the hill-tops of many lands; and "he that will be great let him serve," will soon be recognized as the only true criterion of greatness.

There are many such instances to establish the fact that the progress of truth to an appreciation and influence among men, though slow is certain. We are hence naturally led to inquire—"How is it that truth is thus ever preserved? Why is it, that though long eclipsed by the interventions of interest or prejudice, it ever comes forth from those clouds in power and beauty? Is it because of an *innate, independent* power in *truth itself*? Shall we *deify principles*, and invest them with the omnipotence and majesty of a God? No. Else would the brightness of his presence soon dispel the mists of prejudice and the sullen clouds of pride, and the terrors of a God rouse men from their stupid indifference to his presence. Shall we attribute this fact to the nature of men—to the earnest longings of the human mind for truth?

Such longings at times there are. The mental wealth of Greece was not *all* lavished upon empty sophisms or idle conjectures. Yet her philosophers mocked upon Mars' Hill! Alas, if men so gladly welcome the heavenly visitant, why has she so often fled to the desert and to the cave? Why have the ashes of her murdered advocates so often been borne to heaven as a witness against men? Why so often from gloomy cells has ascended the mournful cry "Domine qamdiu?" The poet when he sang,

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again—
The eternal years of God are hers,"

gave a fact and a reason for it. All truth is of God, and He who *inspires, preserves* it. He effects this by giving firmness to its adherents, and power to its advocates. He implants in some of them a confidence in Him, and in the truth they hold which makes them earnest in its proclamation. "The truth," or rather the God of truth, "makes them free," and "they are free indeed." Free to *speak*, and words of might and power fall not merely from *lips* which might be eloquent on any theme, but from *hearts* impressed with the importance of the truths they utter and their responsibility to express them. Free to *act*, and all the difficulties which could be brought before them would not suffice to quench the ardor of their earnest souls. Through bitter hate and persecuting malice the men whom the author of truth employs in its dissemination, pursue their way until oppression restrains their efforts, or death silences their voices. Such was the spirit of the apostle of the nations, when Jewish persecution and Athenian mockery failed to prevent his efforts to proclaim the "life and immortality of the gospel." In the life of the energetic Paul we have an illustration of the means by which the God of truth preserves and extends its influence. We see exemplified in it the reciprocal influences of truth, (so to speak) and its advocates. They, by their earnest and hopeful labours maintaining and extending truth—Truth impelling, inspiring and sustaining them. The mental vision of Paul was opened upon the way to Damascus. A firm conviction of the truths he had so much hated, a strong sense of their importance, and a clear perception of their loveliness and power, were all wrought in his mind upon that eventful journey. Then

it followed that his spirit was pervaded with intense desires, that all might see the truth in the clearness with which it appeared to his vision. Then it was that he became so earnest in its dissemination. And with such views of truth what wonder was it if while he waited at Athens "his spirit stirred within him as he saw the city wholly given to Idolatry?" as day after day, at the hour of sacrifice, he saw immense crowds wending their way to the Parthenon to encircle a statue with chaplets of flowers, or crimson altars with the blood of sacrifices to false divinities. Paul felt their degradation as they bowed before their images and it was an assurance that the truth received, would elevate them from that degradation which induced him to ascend Areopagus and address those "men of Athens." With idle curiosity the multitude gazed upon the wonderful man whose fame had long before reached them; but what were his emotions as he looked upon them? The words he uttered showed that while his rich and cultivated mind might have found much pleasure in the society of the poets and philosophers of Athens, the *immortality* of the gospel filled his mind: that while he might have received peculiar delight from the contemplation of those works of art which the soul of a Phidias had conceived, the sight of the people bowing before the images which the hand of a Phidias had executed engaged the thoughts of his glowing mind. The Parthenon stretched above him its noble columns, but the fair marble which the quarries of Pentelicus had presented to the virgin goddess seemed to him but as a contrast to the darkened minds of her worshippers—or perhaps as the morning sun sent its bright rays upon the temple, he thought of the beauty of spirit which the rays of the "Sun of righteousness" would produce among the people. It was, then a strong sense of their blindness (caused by the distinctness of his own views of truth) and his confidence in the ennobling elevating character of the truth itself that made him so earnest in his address to the people of Athens—that made him so untiring in all his efforts for the promotion and preservation of truth. And from the creation of the world until these latter days, at great periods in the history of the nations and the race, there has not been wanting a Moses, a Samuel, a Paul, a Luther, a Milton, a Wilberforce or a

Chalmers, largely to labour for the preservation and propagation of great principles among men.

We alluded in the outset to the certainty of the ultimate influence of truth, as an *encouraging experience*, gathered from the memory of the past. It is thus to every lover of his race. Let us not look with desponding eye upon those portions of our race which are, and long have been, in mental darkness. Let us rather hope and believe that the light shall speedily dawn upon them. Let us be assured that however low and degraded their present condition may be, the time shall come when truth shall elevate them to the dignity of man, and commence in them a development in which shall be lost the memory of their former condition.

Our subject has in it many words of admonition as to our own responsibilities. We suggest but one. If *men*, as *instruments* are necessary to its dissemination should we not earnestly cultivate that spirit of devotion to truth by means of which its preservation is effected?

THE WARRIOR.

It was not in holy ground,
Blest by white-robed Priests they laid him,
But on the field, while the cannon pealed,
A hasty grave they made him
With the brave around.

It was not by the tolling bell,
That to his grave they bore him,
By the iron note of the cannon's throat,
They cast the cold sod o'er him,
Where he nobly fell.

It was not by a sculptured stone
That in after years they found him,
They knew full well, where he fought and fell,
With the bold and the brave around him,
Ere the fight was done.

EDITORS' TABLE.

Readers: The class of 1850 makes its bow and gives the backward scrape of the foot in the present No. of the Nassau Magazine. Be charitable to the uncouth visitor. Be generous to the "many imperfections that are on its head."

The life of a College Editor, ephemeral though it be, like all other things on earth, is full of change. When the honor is first felt—when "green in the cause," he thinks only of the "pomp, pride, and circumstance" of an Editorship, and is perfectly regardless, or rather ignorant, of the dust and toil that come with it—like "*night led by morning*." When the mantle first falls on his shoulders he thinks only of, and is fascinated by its bright colours, all unknowing of the real, genuine boring augers it conceals. Ah! "*it looks like the innocent flower, but is the serpent under it*." The doomed boy is clover-like enough to imagine that when the time for publication actually arrives, that the pieces offered would be like the fruits in Armida's enchanted garden—"one scarce could be gathered, ere the other grew"—but after a month or two, when "he smelleth the battle afar off," and no pieces on hand, when the chase after them through the entries and around the campus begins, then he finds out that they are singularly like Glendower's spirits—"You can call them but they won't come."

However after all there is something pleasant about an *Editorium*, and if our Magazine runs the gauntlet of opinion, with a whole hide, we will feel deeply thankful for the post of Editor. Now for the pieces. The first we took up was the "*Lunatic's Prayer*." We were immediately struck with the resemblance of the author to the dead poet, who when living had the "sway of Newstead Abbey." The "immaculate Lord Byron," and the proud, dark and melancholy Harold, are supposed by some, to be one and the same, and "K. D'S." Lunatic certainly had for a prototype his own lovely and talented self. We venture the assertion that all who read this production—that

"All who view the *Lunatic* in his glory,
Will think the Bard the hero of the story."

His thoughts are to a certainty "combinations of disjointed things." We

will give the last couplet of that which, if the author is *not* the long-eared individual we take him to be, he will make the last prayer of his Lunatic.

"Then may some peaceful ray appear,
And one meek eye be free from tear."

We hope so too—we echo the wish.

The next piece is one purported to be written by a boy of twelve. We advise this youth to stick closely to his spelling book and grammar, and let the genius of poetry pass him by, without grabbing at her skirts. Cawley and Pope wrote readable verses, at least, at that age, but although in the middle of the nineteenth, we hardly think our author can do likewise. Little boy, don't stir up the "weary nine" again.

The next piece is dedicated to "Martha," the last verse of which we will give.

"When all the bliss of life is fled,
I'll think, still think of thee,
And when thy faithful friend is dead,
Oh! then remember me."

Our readers will see by that last line, "Oh! then remember me," that the novelty and magnificence of the poem were continued to the last—that the "sun set in all his glory." With hat in hand, we respectfully request Miss M. to kick the humbug, if he proposes. The next is the "Freshman's Farewell to College." We like and admire that Freshman, and will give it entire.

"I have passed through this journey, its smiles and its tears,
And calmly I gaze through the vista of years—
Well pleased that its wearisome marches are o'er,
For I swear I have found it a horrible bore.
Flit round me, ye scenes of my childhood again,
When the world seemed all brightness, no sorrow, no pain,
When the flimsiest bauble such rapture could give,
That I wonder so green a young varmint could live."

Philosophic Fresh, that—he looks with a calm, clear, true eye back to the time of his departure for College—that green oasis in the desert of his life.

"Golah" possesses some merit, but is not quite tall enough to reach a place herein. The little merit it has might wither and die, if exposed to the sneers of the heartless, the cruel and the cold, and we forbear its publication.

We regret to say that the number of poetical articles received, is much larger than the prose. "The 'muse of old Nassau' was advertised for by the last class, and she has certainly, as we find to our sorrow, returned to 'bed and board.'" "Metre ballad mongers," abound in these parts now-a-

days. Take old Oliver Goldsmith, pen in hand, just as when he sat down to the composition of his "Deserted Village," and overleaping time and distance, place him here in the same situation precisely, with Auburn lying before him—the school-master, the parson, and the "sad historian of the pensive plain," with all their concomitants in his view—and put beside them these hopeful youths, these chrysalis Byrons of Old Nassau, and we confidently assert that he never would wind up that sweetly natural, and softly mournful poem, by the "*Flight of Pætry*."

Every body now

"Will sing of loves and wasselings if ye will lend your ears,
Of bold men's bloody combatings, and gentle ladies' tears."

We are through at last—we break the Editorial sceptre—we vacate the Editorial tripod—we "wave our parting hand" to the Editorial sanctum.

EXCHANGES.—We have received and read *great pleasure*, the "Yale Magazine," the "University Magazine," and the "Collegian."